

5. A Musical Appreciation Class, and hints as to how to take the music programme.
6. French for Class III., and how to make languages interesting to children who dislike them.
7. The advisability of a Transition Class between IB. and II.
8. How to help untruthful children to become truthful.
9. Which subjects are best left out of Class II. programme when time is limited.
10. How Past Students can keep in touch with the newest features of the training at Scale How.
11. The teaching of spelling other than by dictation.
12. The Montessori Method: What helpful points may be gleaned from it.
13. Sport (not sports).
14. How far can a boy working in the P.U.S. be prepared for school?
15. An Association talk.
16. The duty of every student to link up the children she is teaching with a family or school less well off than themselves.
17. Home Education *v.* School Education.
18. How far formalism helps or hinders a religious spirit.
19. What experience has taught us, and how far theory fits facts in dealing with children—not *the* child.
20. Whether Committee members should necessarily live near London.
21. The possibility of doing the P.U.S. work while keeping strictly to the time-tables.

Will students read these through carefully, and if they have any criticism to offer, either for or against any of them, will they kindly send the same to their Committee member or to me, before the S.E.C. meeting on January 24th. Further suggestions will be gladly received, for we are anxious, as far as possible, to draw up a programme that will be a really helpful one, and one that will be acceptable to all.

LILIAN GRAY.

what is really half the interest of the article, namely, the author's signature. I take it that most of us take in the *PIANTA* and read it through, not so much for the sake of its literary value, nor for the information it contains, but because of the personal interest we have in each other and each other's doings. It is for this reason surely that a College magazine exists. We can turn to many other magazines, and learn from them all we want to know about literature and geography and art, but only in the *PIANTA* can we read what our College friends are thinking and experiencing, and this is what makes it valuable in our eyes. If these same friends refuse to reveal themselves, it is useless for them to write long and learned articles to the *PIANTA*. The *human* interest, which is what we look for there, is wanting. This at least is what I feel very strongly.—I am, yours truly,

ELIZABETH A. PYPER.

Scale How,
Ambleside.

DEAR EX-STUDENTS,—This is the last letter to you from some of us—for the next letter will find twelve new ex-students.

When we last wrote Mr. Browning's coming visit was very much to the fore in our minds, and we saw work alone ahead of us. But on October 25th our spirits rose, and we celebrated then "All Hallows E'en." Juniors, all in fancy dress, were received in the classroom at 6.30 by the ghosts of the Seniors. Of course, to arrive in the room at all they were obliged to pass down the passage of screens, and meet wet sponges, sliding mats, flashlights, hockey sticks, etc. All were safely through by 7 o'clock; the evening opened with a ghost eight-some, with the lights low. Then followed dancing and singing. A special song, composed for the occasion, was sung by one of the Seniors, with a chorus of ghosts.

Part of the evening was taken up by a play, "A Senior Student's Hallow E'en Nightmare." This introduced, among others, the ghosts of Pestalozzi, Locke, Euclid, Shakespeare, Giotto, Silvio Pellico, Mr. Spooner, Julius Cæsar, and a dreadfully austere postess, before whom the poor student had to give first a lesson, prepared for Mr. Browning, and then a drill class. Of course, both were hopeless failures!

Later, we had supper in St. George's—all seated on the floor. The room was illuminated by weird turnip lanterns. After supper followed the usual games—bobbing for apples, blowing out candles, etc.—and then towards ten o'clock, tired but happy, we wandered bedwards.

Monday, November 3rd. On this day the Seniors' ordeal began. Before supper Mr. Browning had arrived, and had chosen the lessons to be given.

Tuesday November 4th. The morning was taken up with the lessons. After tea, Seniors had the pleasure of reading prose and poetry before Browning and the assembled college! and from 5.30 to 6.30 we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Browning read his own paper on the ruins of Baalbek. This was most interesting. After supper we had general music in the drawing-room.

Wednesday, November 5th. In the morning, two by two in alphabetical order, we left our trembling comrades assembled in the dining-room, and entered the library to be examined in French. This was followed by staff lessons, and from 12.30 to 1 by a drill class before Mr. Browning in the gymnasium. After tea, from 4.30 to 5.30, were staff lessons, and from 5.30 to 6.30 we had a special scouting display in the classroom. The room was changed into country by bracken and branches. First surveyors arrived, and decided upon the suitability of the spot for a camp, then signalled with a whistle to the main body of scouts, who soon appeared in double file, singing a round. A tent was set up, and supper cooked almost at once. A convenient motor accident gave

scouts opportunity for showing their skill in rendering "first aid" and in signalling. Lost tourists arrived at the camp to ask for directions over the hills, so testing the geography and map knowledge of scouts, etc. By 6.30 all was over, and scouts disappeared with all speed to prepare to take part in or to watch the Junior play. This proved most excellent. It consisted of scenes from "Twelfth Night"; parts were perfectly known, and the actors threw themselves entirely into the spirit of the play, whilst the speaking was particularly clear and distinct. This last we must hold as the result of Mr. Burrell's work.

Thursday, November 6th. This morning was spent as Wednesday morning, with the exception that we were expected to speak German instead of French when we arrived in the Library.

The half-holiday was postponed, and after tea we were examined in Latin and Italian. Later, Mr. Browning read his own paper on Poets Laureate to us. This we all enjoyed very much indeed. Mr. Browning followed the poets down through the ages, and told us the most interesting points about them.

On Friday Mr. Browning took his leave.

The following week-end was the half term; hearts were light, and weather prospects good. On Saturday we held a tunic dance; Sunday was a fine, frosty winter's day. Monday saw rain in torrents, alas! The actual half term holiday was postponed from day to day, until at last, on the following Monday, the weather allowed it. Even then we had some rain, but we made the most of our time, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

Another event was almost upon us now that the half term was past. This was the visit of Mr. Phillips to examine handicrafts. He came on Monday, November 24th, and spent most of the day in the workshop. This year Mrs. Hawkesworth very kindly examined the needlework.

This same week-end we had the pleasure of seeing Miss Parish at Scale How again. On Monday we met in the classroom, where two Seniors read education papers which they had written during the summer holidays. Miss Spelman read one on scouting in the P.U. School, and Miss Lambert read one on Picture Talk in the P.U. School; both were very much enjoyed. In the evening we had a drawing-room evening, when a paper on "The Rise of the Greek Drama" was read.

Work went on steadily until the end of the term. We began our examinations on December 11th, and end of term festivities began on the same day. This day was chosen for the Children's Party. The guests arrived at 3.30, when the school children's play, "Robin Hood," began. This play was very well done, and all enjoyed it.

After tea the children danced and played, and then all sat quietly down, for the "old woman who lived in a shoe" had come. She had brought some of her children with her; there was Mary, Mary, quite contrary; Little Jack Horner, who still had his pie and plum; Little Boy Blue; Little Miss Muffet and her spider; and Mary and her little lamb. The children recognized them all at once, and soon all were playing together. Then came waits, who sang carols very sweetly in the garden, and lastly came dear old Father Christmas. This year he had brought a queer beast with him instead of reindeer—this was a snark. It had a large, broad, furry beak, a brown humped body, and a long green tail, which trailed after him. His queerest quality was that he carried presents inside of him. Indeed, he disgorged a present for each child, and each child came and took it out of Mr. Snark's beak. And to ladies he bowed!

All too soon Father Christmas and his snark were away over the mountains, and our little visitors homeward.

On Friday Miss Mason gave the students a Farewell Dance. The classroom and dining-room were very prettily decorated, and a merry party danced and danced until

almost 11 o'clock. Then with heartfelt thanks to Miss Mason we joined hands in singing "Auld Lang Syne," realizing, alas! how near the actual farewell to dear old Scale How must be for some of us.

Saturday and Sunday passed like a flash, and on Monday, December 15th, we found ourselves on the coaches driving away from Scale How—some of us for the last time as students.

One event of the term which we must mention was the visit of the Seniors to Mr. Storey. Through his kindness on November 22nd we had the great privilege of listening through his instruments to Marconi messages sent during the morning. He had four receivers, and so four of us were able to hear at once. Between 10 o'clock and 10.45 we heard Greenwich send out a message. This was followed almost immediately by a message sent from the Government Station at Cleethorpes to Whitehall, and lastly we heard the Paris Observatory on Eiffel Tower send out its weather report. All was most fascinating and interesting. Some of us who had studied the Morse Code in scouting were able to write down the message, as we heard it, and later to interpret it. Between the messages Mr. Storey explained the different parts of the instruments. It was most wonderful to think that the tiny taps were being made hundreds of miles away, and were being heard and interpreted by who knows how many people. We all felt grateful to Mr. Storey for his kindness in giving us the privilege of using Marconi instruments—a privilege which may never again fall to our lot.

Hockey this term has been rare but vigorous. We had no hockey for four weeks; then at last we managed to get in one or two practices. More wet weather followed, and when we could once more play we decided to fight our Senior v. Junior match. This was a tough, exciting game, resulting in a victory for the Seniors of 3 goals to 1.

In scouting this term we have had some good afternoons.

One was spent on Jenkins Crag—a supposed besieged place. Here an exciting struggle between besieged and besiegers took place.

Another day scouts were sent to follow tracks, and eventually to discover a certain part of Loughrigg, which had been struck by lightning. This proved most exciting, even to those who wandered about searching hard, but not discovering!

We held our last meeting of the year on the last Saturday evening, when Miss Maude, our retiring treasurer, very kindly presented tassels to scouts who had earned them during the term.

The drawing-room evenings have been "Rudyard Kipling," by Miss Spelman, and "The Rise of the Greek Drama," by Miss Warne. We have had also two general musical evenings arranged by Miss Gladding, and the Children's Beethoven Evening.

At the meeting of the Poetry Club, papers on Jane Austen and John Ruskin have been read, and also extracts from their works.

Next term—sad to relate—Miss Cruse is leaving Scale How. We are all very sorry to lose her, but we are glad that although she will no longer live among the students she will not be very far away, and they will see her often. She is going to take charge at Fairfield, whilst her duties at Scale How are being undertaken by Miss Wilcock.

Miss Wilcock came to us this term, and already has endeared herself to us.—Yours sincerely,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

THE ALBRECHT DURER PICTURES.

In these notes that the Editor has asked me to write for L'UMILE PIANTA, I propose, as far as possible, to avoid writing what anyone can learn from a book on the artist we are studying.

I do not pretend in any way to be an expert, nor lay claim to any special ability to write these notes. In fact, the only merit I can think of that may have influenced the Editor's choice is that she knows I love pictures and children. It is, I think, a great help when we are trying to get at the real mind of a thing to hear the truthful impressions of someone else. So I intend to write, humbly and plainly, what I see in the pictures, and what I intend to show the children, in no spirit of arrogance, but rather that in trying to express such nebulous sensations as pictures bring, they may crystallize for the benefit of, perhaps, pupils as well as my own.

The six pictures of Albrecht Dürer set for this term's work are of quite extraordinary interest, and, I think, difficulty. They are so crowded with meaning, with detail, with thought, that they are at first quite bewildering.

One learns every day from one's children. I have been reproved this week by my pupils, who took the *Mid-day Rest* for their examination picture, "because it was the first one we took, so we know it best." It brought me up very sharply against the sense of hurry to get things in that had left Sir Galahad till the last lesson but one, that I might tell them about other Watts pictures they had seen at the Tate Gallery. I expect we are all of us often pulled up when we are teaching for our pleasure, not for the children's profit. But this is digression of the worst type.

Let us divide these Dürer pictures into three pairs: Two Saints, two incidents, two metaphysics. Perhaps that would be an easy way to give them to the children. It seems a good plan to lead up to the difficult pictures by the others, and I do not think in this case chronological order matters at all. I see they are numbered rather differently from the way in which I had classed them, the Nativity being placed between the two Saints. But still St. Christopher would come first. How very beautiful it is! The children will give the whole story from it, and delight in the hermit holding the torch.

We shall show them how the water Christ has crossed is quite calm. There are only surging waves round the pole and legs of the Saint and the rock. And we shall point out how the pole is not quite straight, but bent with St. Christopher's weight as he struggles. His cloak is nearly blown off, but there is no wind where the hermit holds the torch. Let the children wonder about it all without much talking, and they will delight in the A.D., and compare it with Carpaccio's beautiful signatures. Altogether a picture full of open air, a great contrast to St. Jerome, which I see was painted seven years earlier. Not quite such a tidy study as that of Carpaccio's saint. The cushions give a feeling of ease that was lacking in the Italian picture, and the lion and dog are so very cosily asleep. The saint is in such a strong light, but I think that is a second desk for painting at in the far window. Not so many books. But then Dürer was a German, and the flood of literature from the East took longer to reach Germany than it did Venice. They are pattens, not slippers, in the corner—rather as if the step in front led down to a doorway into a garden perhaps. What does the gourd mean that hangs from the ceiling? So beautifully drawn, with such exquisite tendrils. The produce of the saint's garden perhaps (it was in Palestine) hung up to dry and harden for a water-bottle in the Eastern fashion. Time and the world are behind him; the hat and the hour glass hanging side by side. That must be a horn book on the floor with the monogram. There is a wonderful sense of peace, not at all marred by the skull, that reminder of man's frailty, and a beautiful dignity in Jerome's bowed head and absorbed expression.

I can find no date on the Prodigal Son, but I think I should take the Nativity first. Here the children will simply love the homeliness of the picture. The geography of the stable; where the steps lead to; how the tumble-down roofs are so badly mended; the inn sign (when they find it!); the exquisite drawing of the tree that juts out; the clever way St. Joseph

has managed to hit the mouth of his jug while pouring from his bucket. The whole picture is full of reverent, homely details that the children will feel are entirely right, not being at all worried by German lattice windows or the European house in the distance. There is only one shepherd, so perhaps he is not a shepherd, but a herdsman belonging to the inn. The drawing throughout is so excellent, so fine, as if the artist had multiplied difficulties for the sake of overcoming them. There is exuberance of fancy that would provide material for half a dozen pictures. The little landscape through the arch is a picture in itself.

In the Prodigal Son we have the same farmyard kind of idea—very homely, though not quite so ruinous. The swine are particularly swineish; even the little ones, such engaging little creatures in our own farmyards, have no attractive attributes other than their size here. But the arresting note in the picture is the beautiful poise of the Prodigal. The resolve of his clasped hands—the sudden uplifting of his soul in the midst of his repulsive task, the realization that has come like a flash of light of what he is and what he might be. The modelling of the whole figure is wonderful. One feels that it is the last time he will bring husks for these well-fed beasts.

Of the last two pictures what shall I say? That they are wonderful and terrible beyond any that I know. The figure of the Knight rides on with dauntless courage, conscious of his companions, but unheeding them. Of them, Death appears a more appalling figure than the Devil, whose weird horns and scaly tail threaten the hero from behind. You will find out the meaning in the books about Dürer that you read. I will only say that I find the Knight a most cheering encouragement to go on, as he does. Death always beside him, but temptation behind him; ready for all, abashed by none. Calm in purpose, inflexible in determination, a very Christian knight, worthy to fight beside Galahad, or to lead the way for Sir Launcelot.

Frankly, I do not understand Melancholia; she is satiated. Her scientific appliances are put to improper uses. She has no further interest in art, or craft, or science. Having tried all she is satisfied by none. Music, poetry, mathematics, astronomy, all have left her purposeless, still seeking. For what? Perhaps her own soul. Love she has repulsed, and the wonders of the heavens touch her not. "The years that the Locusts have eaten." There is no purpose, only puzzle, in her fixed stare. She is muffled up in the things of this world, and overcome by the bitterness of vanity. It makes one long to sweep all her instruments away, and make her climb her ladder into purer air. She has sought the lowest step when she might stand on the house-top with her thoughts turned inwards on her own mis-spent efforts, instead of out and up. It is a picture which the children will think about a great deal. We shall all be better, I think, for thinking about it ourselves. But let us remember the Knight will take us on when the irony of life would lead us to sit with Melancholia.

Since writing the above I have been reading Albrecht Dürer in the Biographies of Great Artists series. I see he gives the Knight and Melancholia as part of a series (with St. Jerome for the Contemplative or Phlegmatic) of Temperaments. The Knight stands for the Sanguine, "Death cannot daunt him, nor Satan lay hold on him as he goes right on towards 'the prize of his high calling.'"

Of the Melancholia it says: "Sphinx-like she sits ever, a woman disdaining her womanhood, weighed down with thought. . . ." But the book to read for us all is Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Vol. V. And Mrs. Firth considers Mrs. Charles Heaton's Life of him invaluable.

E. C. ALLEN.